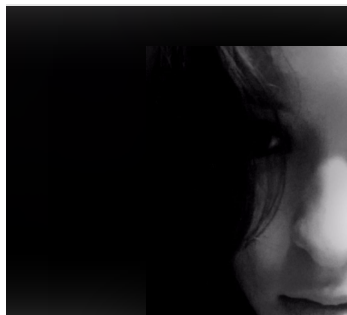




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Carmina Tenebris--Dark Poetry



👁 75 ✓ 6 ★ 7

Chapter 1 by Jayde Avalon

I'm on another dark poetry kick because I've been very depressed for the last few weeks. Don't think much of it. If you have dark poetry, or even something to ask or communicate through poetry, put it here. The first of these entries of mine is actually a song meant to be set to a metal-type background.

/Parasite/

You first drew breath without a thought
For all the pain and hate you brought.
You never try, you worthless sot!
You'll never be the girl you ought!

/Parasite.../

You do no right,
But still you fight!

/Parasite.../

Feel the bite of the parasite!

See more of Story Wars

You take and steal, you lie, you cheat

You think you're cute, you

Do one thing right, it's such

Wake up, girl! You're worthless meat!

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/Parasite!/

You do no right,
But still you fight!

/Parasite.../

Feel the bite of the parasite!

~~~

/You don't deserve your life,/  
/You have no right to pride,/  
/You hold your bloodied knife,/  
/Behind tears of blood you hide!/

~~~

How long will you keep feeding
On those who, for you, are bleeding?
They treat you well, but you're beating
Their hands away, not believing
You're a

Parasite!

/(You don't deserve your life...)/

Parasite!

/(You have no cause for pride...)/

Parasite!

/(Feel your bloody knife...)/

Parasite!

/(Your tears of blood can't hide!)/

/Curse Me for a Fool/

Everybody loves me,

They dote on and adore me,

I wish I knew why they so loved me,

Have I some good I cannot

I cannot pretend to be

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What I never was and will never be.
I am not the "good" they seem to see.
What on earth is wrong with me?

All I seem to do is fail.
Compared to what I should be, I pale.
All my life, they scream and rail
Because I always, always fail.

I lie, I cheat, I hide my acts,
I keep the truth, withhold the facts,
Defy and sneak behind their backs.
I deserve a lash and racks.

Now I look upon myself with shame
Because I know I am to blame
For the stress and strife they claim
Has not to do with me. I am lame.

/...I am a failure.../
/...A shame to my own.../
/...I can hardly stand myself.../
/...So how can others love me?/
/How can they love a fool/
/When I cannot love myself?/

Chapter 2 by dragonsofyore



Suicide

~~~~~

I take a step, then hesitate.

Is this really the only way out?

"Yes!" My head screeches.

"It's your chance to be free."

"Go, be free." My soul whips.

I take one last breath, a step.

See more of Story Wars

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The rope tightens...  
And I am free.

### Chapter 3 by Jayde Avalon



#### /Surrender/

Surrender yourself to the night;  
Let the hands of darkness clasp you,  
The dark you know you cannot fight.

Guard your heart, that it ne'er might  
Love daylight, cruel and untrue;  
Surrender yourself to the night.

Let shadow give you flawless sight  
And turn your eyes to midnight's view,  
The dark you know you cannot fight.

Only pain is brought by light,  
Sorrow is by dawn pursued.  
Surrender yourself to the night.

Daylight makes your heart to blight;  
So shroud your heart with blackness true,  
The dark you know you cannot fight.

Never trust in what is bright;  
Light will burn and torment you.  
Surrender yourself to the night,  
The dark you know you cannot fight.

Chapter 4 by Hannah Harvey



Monsters don't live in your bed. See more of Story Wars

They reside in your head.

When you were a child you

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Now you just embrace it.

You were afraid of the dark.

Now,  
Theres really nothing to fear,  
Except yourself.  
You grew to a teen  
And now you see what I mean.  
You are your own nightmare machine,  
The director of your own dream.  
So why cant you go to a happier place?  
One without heartbreaks?  
Because,  
Even in your dream,  
You know that place is fake.  
the dark will grip you,  
it will rip you into two different people.  
One with a conscience,  
and one who has never even seen a steeple.  
You will eventually fade away,  
As I have been doing every day,  
So if you want to go,  
go.  
but just so you know,  
I want you to stay.

### Chapter 5 by SoulReader



Cold eyes glowing in the night,  
calculating, precise.  
Stone hands that grip me tight,  
making sure i can't run.  
They tell me he's gone,

and I will be safe.

Then why does he haunt my sleep?

And why are his marks never leaving my skin?

My spirit is broken with no

my heart is void.

See more of Story Wars

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Sometimes i wish i could end my life,  
but something stops me every time.  
It's not that i have something to live for,  
just that i want to live as the girl with scars,  
instead of being the girl who was pitied.

## Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8 (1 draft)

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